The Seed Sower.

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Rondel.

Heart, thou must learn to do without—
That is the riches of the poor;
Their liberty is to endure;
Wrap thou thy old cloak thee about,
And carol loud, and carol stout;
Let thy rags fly, nor wish them fewer—
Till thou hast learned to do without,
And earned the riches of the poor.

Why shouldst thou only wear no clout?
Thou only walk in love-robes pure?
Thy step alone be firm and sure?
Thou only free of fortune's flout?
Nay, nay! but learn to go without,
And so be humbly, richly poor.

In Bonds.

Of the poor bird that cannot fly
Kindly you think and mournfully;
For prisoners and for exiles all
You let the tears of pity fall;
And very true the grief should be
That mourns the bondage of the free.

The soul—*she* has a fatherland;
Binds *her* not many a tyrant's hand?
And the winged spirit has a home,
But can she always homeward come?
Poor souls, with all their wounds and foes,
Will you not also pity those?

GEORGE MACDONALD.

The Law of Liberty.

A SERMON

BY THE LATE REV. HENRY BONNOR.

"So speak ye, and so do ye, as they that shall be judged by the law of liberty."—JAMES ii. 12.

The Apostle is writing in this epistle to Jews who had received the Christian faith. They were familiar with the law, they had once taken the law, and all the routine and precepts which were based on the law, as their rule of life. They had tried to do the thousand things which the law enjoined. That was a painful way of setting their life. A large number of rules, and especially if many of them are petty rules, weary us. The Jew in the time of Christ had a rule for everything—all he did from the time he got up in the morning till he went to bed at night was set to rule. St. Paul says that a life of that kind is like being shut up in prison, it is like being in fetters. And the Apostle James speaks in the same strain. He says it is a life of bondage; those numberless rules were a grievous yoke which neither their fathers nor they were able to bear.

But Christ had changed all that. He made nothing of rules, and everything of principles and dispositions. You will look in vain for a

single rule in the Sermon on the Mount. The rule is not the most important thing. Let a man be right in heart, and he can dispense very largely with rules. It is on these inward conditions and dispositions that Christ insists. And so Christ's teaching came to these Jews as something large and free; it was something which released them from rules and gave them liberty.

But some of these Christian Jews had misunderstood in theory, and abused in practice, this new liberty of the Gospel of Christ. They did as men often do who have been denied freedom in certain directions; when they get it, they run into extremes. The Gospel, they said, is freedom; we are no longer to live by rule, we can do what we please. And they ran from one extreme to the other. This is why James talks to them in the plain and downright way he does about common duties. They were beginning to put them aside as of no moment. They said their faith would save them. And James says, That is all nonsense. Your faith, without Christian living, is nothing. And in these words that I have read as text he makes this very freedom, which they were abusing, the ground of his plea for a higher Christian life. You are not under rule, you have come into freedom; well, that is the very reason why you should live more nobly; your freedom puts you under a higher kind of obligation. Free men should be better men and should do more nobly than men who are not free.

And so we have this very fruitful and truthful idea in these words—that the greater freedom brings the greater obligation: the more liberty, the higher the standard by which they who claim that liberty must be judged. The largest freedom carries with it the highest law. That may seem a contradiction, but if so it is only in terms. As soon as we drop the words and try to see the things themselves, what law and liberty really are, we see that it must be so. Speaking broadly, law and liberty seek to reach the same ends, but in a different way. Under law the pressure and constraining power are more external, in freedom they are inward and of a higher kind. It is not that in one there is constraint and in the other none. There is constraint in the latter as much as in the former, only it is of a different kind.

In the first years of a child's life, it is ruled almost entirely by law. You have rules for it: rules for going to bed and for rising, rules about play and work, rules as to how it shall sit and speak and eat. The child's life is set in a framework of law. What is the reason for this? It is that the child is not yet able to rule its own life. Its conscience and intelligence are not sufficiently developed. That is the reason for all the mechanism and rule in which a child's life begins. But just in proportion as your child grows in knowledge, in the understanding of what is right and wrong, in good disposition and habits, you relax your rules, and you trust more to the lad's intelligence and his sense of what is proper and good. Mark now where the change lies. You say the lad has greater freedom than he had. Is he free then to do all the things that before he was forbidden to do? Not at all. The difference is that his own sense of what is fit and right has taken the place of the rule. The rule is in him now, although he may not think of it as a rule. And just because he is released from the external rule and is thrown more on himself, you expect him to do better than he did. Take another illustration of this. The Mosaic law was concerned in the main with the same things that Christ deals with in His teaching. Its aim was to make life right and men good—the former more particularly. And it gave men rules as to what they should do and not do. They were just beginning their moral education, and the law said to them, just as you say to children, "You must not do this, you must do that." The external rule was what they needed then. But when Christ came, He said, "You have outgrown that stage, and you need something beyond rules. The rules have done for you what they were intended to do. They have broken you in and prepared you for something higher." The finest life can never spring from rules, although rules may be a stage towards it. And so Christ supersedes all these rules, this mass of Mosaic legislation and tradition. "Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time, Thou shalt not kill; and whosoever shall kill shall be in danger of the judgment. But I say unto you, That whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause shall be in danger of the judgment." But mark how He does it. He throws men back more on themselves, on their own thought

and conscience and disposition. Find within, He says, in effect, the constraints which you have found without. Christ releases them from rules, but he puts them under a more stringent law. Christ preaches liberty in the Sermon on the Mount, freedom from all that old mechanism of virtue; and yet a more exacting law runs all through it. The Ten Commandments were difficult enough, but not half so difficult as the New Commandments associated with the Beatitudes. Take any of the old rules and put them beside that wonderful word, which may be taken as summing up these new laws, "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." Which is the more difficult?

Take one other illustration. You see the same thing in all healthy growth in national freedom. It is only as men find within themselves the motives and constraints which the law has supplied, that the pressure of the law can be lightened and they can have a greater area of individual liberty. Any real growth in national freedom means that men will now do from *choice* that which before the law enforced. The outward law really gives place to a higher inward law. And if the higher inward law, the inward and nobler constraints, are not there, such extension of freedom is not safe. This is the meaning of the question which is always put when any extension of power or freedom is proposed. Are the people ready for it? That is, have they intelligence, self-control, conscience enough; have they within themselves the motives which can make this safe for them? The external law can only be safely put aside when men find in themselves a law which will bring them nearer to the end at which the old law aimed. You can dispense with the laws against theft, for example, just in proportion as men come to love honesty. It would not matter to some men, so far as their personal conduct is concerned, if all the laws now on the statute books against theft were repealed to-morrow. They have a law within which carries them, in honesty, far beyond the statute law. The outward law is nothing to them, because they have an inward law far higher.

And so freedom releases you from rules to put you under principles—principles which strike deeper, which exact more from you than rules. It releases you from external law by setting up a far higher law within. It throws you more on yourself and on the best part of yourself. It sets you free from rules that you may be more faithful to the highest law. This is a very important and most luminous truth, and it throws light on many things and runs out in many directions. I want to apply it in one direction only now.

Every passage which we make from a narrower into a freer way, either of thinking or living, should lead to a higher kind of life and character. The more liberty, the higher the law under which we come, by which we lay ourselves open to be tried. If we drop rules, principles should be more to us; if we are more careless of the form, the substance should count for more. If we place less stress on the external and the formal, we should place more on the inward and spiritual. To drop the lower without getting proper hold of the higher, to drop rule without taking hold of principle, to throw off the yoke of form and law before we are ready for the *law* of liberty, is bad. We do not gain by that—we lose.

This is indeed where the danger of all these transitions into freer ways of thought and action mostly lies. We are liable to rest content with the former half of the matter. We throw aside Moses without taking on Christ. We throw off the yoke of bondage without coming fully under the law of liberty. We drop the rule before we have properly got the principle. Indeed we seem to think, some of us, that throwing aside the rule is altogether the largest part.

This is without question one of the weak places of the liberal religion to-day. Many men are stronger in what they reject than in what they hold. They have dropped the narrower reading of religion, they have thrown aside the religion of rule and form, but they do not grasp with sufficient vigour principle and substance. Greater freedom means great laxity in thought, in belief, in religious habit. Nearer to the truth in some things, their life is yet of poorer strain. Now there is something wrong in that. Where a man's freer interpretation of religion means less earnestness, less strenuousness, a cheaper holding of the best things, there is something wrong with it. It means probably that he has simply dropped the lower without having got

hold of the higher. He has only made half the passage, and the less important half.

For instance, in the matter of religious habits. In the earlier stages of religious life men pray by rule, worship by rule. They pray so many times a day, or at special hours. And this is a way for which there is a great deal to be said. But a man who has followed that rule comes to think that it is mechanical and formal. He sees that there is, as there is, a higher view of the habit of prayer. And he gives up regular prayer, prayer at stated times. Now what is the ground on which a man can rightly give up a habit of this sort? Only this, that in a new way he is really more prayerful than he was with his old rules. I do not mean that he prays more in the sense of kneeling down so many times a day and uttering prayer. But he should have more of the spirit of prayer in him. If he knows that there is no true life without communion with God, if he feels that he must pray to live, just as surely as he must eat to live, if he has that sense of its importance which will lead him to pray as surely as hunger will take him to food, he can safely dispense with rules about prayer. But if he has not this he had better keep to his rule. The more spontaneous way is the higher way, but a man should be sure of the prayerful spirit before he trusts himself entirely to it. If you give up the rule it ought not to mean that you are going to pray less, but more.

And so in regard to freedom of action along particular lines. Lines have been drawn as to what Christian men may do or not do. Little rules for conduct have been fixed. Christian men must not do this or that, it has been said. And in a small way another yoke of bondage has been put about their neck. And men have broken through it. They have said religion does not lie in doing or not doing these things. We are free in them, we will do as we please. Here again the freer way is the higher and nobler way. But there comes the question, Are you ready for the freer way? Can you afford to drop all these prudential rules? Very good if you can. Take the freer way. It is the better way for you. But it really means this—that in your liberty you have a higher and a more stringent law by which you are living. Don't make your freedom a loophole for a life pitched in a lower key.

The same thing may be said of our thinking about religion and our religious beliefs. We can safely drop the narrower way of thinking of religion *only* when we have a larger truth to put in its place. Indeed, though it is not always possible, the better way is when the old is cast off by the growth of a new and larger truth. To run a tilt at the old, to throw it aside as untrue or inadequate, is the smallest and easiest part of the matter. That is sometimes necessary before any real approach to what is truer can be made. The ground must be cleared for the new harvest. But that is the least important part. We have not safely got rid of the old till we have larger truth which will serve us better. What you deny is of less importance than what you affirm. There are some doctrines which have been taught in the name of religion of which I would say it is good for a man to get rid, whether he has anything to put in their place or not. They are false, or they are a large mixture of error with a grain of truth. But mostly when a man rejects partial or crude statements of Christian truth it should be to give place to a larger truth. It is what we do hold and believe that serves us. And the things that the liberal movement in religion is affirming, and feeling after where it cannot possibly affirm, are more important than the things it denies. It is the negative side only that finds some men. It is its denials, its criticism of current doctrines that attract them in it. But that is its lower side. And what is needed is that they should get hold of it on its positive side. It should mean not less truth but more and greater. What an appeal, what an argument there is in this truth to all who take the freer way in religion! Religion, we say, is not a thing of petty rules and forms; it is spirit and life. It is not a thing of a few crude dogmas; it is highest, largest noblest truth. Well, is that what religion is to us? How does it affect us in life? Do we so do and so speak as men who have such a way of thinking? Can we stand to be judged by the law of liberty? One thing is clear, the largest liberty and the largest truth should show the finest fruit.

The way of freedom is the finer way, but it brings the higher responsibility. You claim the freedom. Are you equal to it, are you willing to take the responsibility of it?

Singular Connection between Dust and Fogs.

What seems at first sight a very startling and paradoxical scientific theory, has been laid before the Royal Society of Edinburgh by Mr. John Aitken. This theory, briefly stated, is that, were it not for *dust*, we should have no fogs or clouds. In other words, the particles of water-vapour in the air will not combine with each other to form a cloud-particle, unless the vapour have a solid nucleus on which to condense. Every drop, therefore, however small, which goes to form the mass of a fog or cloud, has been formerly represented in the atmosphere by a dust-particle, which the vapour condensing upon it has made visible. Strange as this theory at first appears, Mr. Aitken's experiments are clearly in the direction of proving its truth. In one of these experiments, steam was mixed with air in two large glass receivers. One of these receivers was filled with common air; the other, with air which had been carefully passed through a cotton-wool filter, and all dust removed from it. In the unfiltered air, the steam gave the usual and well-known cloudy form of condensation; while in the filtered air no cloudiness whatever appeared.

Other experiments were made with the same result, warranting Mr. Aitken to draw the following conclusions: (1) That whenever water-vapour condenses in the atmosphere, it always does so on some solid nucleus; (2) that dust-particles in the air form the nuclei on which the vapour condenses; (3) that if there was no dust, there would be no fogs, no clouds, no mists, and probably no rain, and that the super-saturated air would convert every object on the surface of the earth into a condenser on which it would deposit; (4) our breath, when it becomes visible on a cold morning, and every puff of steam as it escapes into the air, show the impure and dusty condition of our atmosphere.

As to the existence of this atmospheric dust, there can be little doubt. Everyone knows that there are myriads of microscopic creatures in existence, and that these must from their nature have a supply of food in microscopic particles The fine, invisible dust, therefore, which pervades our atmosphere must, whatever its source, contain within it not only particles of inorganic matter, but many germs of living substances—a fact which has been proved repeatedly in connection with the experiments bearing on the fallacy of spontaneous generation. Any substance, whether mineral, vegetable, or animal, which breaks up into minute parts, contributes to the supply of this atmospheric dust. Even the spray from the ocean, when dried and converted into fine dust, has been shown by experiment to be an important source. Mr. Aitken also showed that by simply heating any substance, such as a piece of glass, iron, brass, &c., a cloud of dust was driven off, which carried along with pure air into the experimental receiver, gave rise to a dense fog when mixed with steam. "So delicate is this test for dust, that if we heat the one-hundredth of a grain of iron wire, the dust driven off from it will give a distinct cloudiness in the experimental receiver; and if we take the wire out of the apparatus, and so much as touch it with our fingers and again replace it, it will again be active as a cloud-producer."

As to the dust-producing capacity of the different substances experimented upon, common salt was found to be one of the most active. When burned in a fire or in alcohol flame, it gave an intensely fog-producing atmosphere. But salt, again, was quite outdone by sulphur, which was the most active substance experimented upon. It gave rise to a fog so dense that it was impossible to see through a thickness of two inches of it.

The dust-particles which form the nuclei of fog and cloud, must not be confounded with the minute dust-motes which are revealed to us by a beam of sunlight when shining into a darkened room; because these dust-motes can be entirely removed by heat, and yet the air remain active as a cloud-producer. The heat would seem to break up the larger motes which reflect the light, into smaller and invisible ones. When dust-particles are spoken of, therefore, it must be understood that reference is not made to such motes as the sunlight reveals, and which are comparatively large, but to those infinitesimally small particles which are quite invisible.

This theory of Mr. Aitken's is not unlikely to lead to some discussion in its relation to the question of city fogs, such as those that darken and defile London. Deductions, however, must not be allowed to weigh against facts which are

ascertainable by experiment; and although, in the larger field of Nature outside the laboratory of the physicist, agencies may be called into play to modify in some respects the conclusions based upon these experiments, yet, looking at the matter as a simple discovery in the domain of meteorological science, the facts ascertained by Mr. Aitken in this connection are of immense value. Among other things, they prove the beneficial service of cotton-wool respirators to persons who suffer from asthmatic or pulmonary affections, or even to healthy persons who reside in districts liable to be invaded by fogs or mists. As we have seen, it was impossible to raise any fog in a receiver containing air which had been filtered through cotton-wool, the air being absolutely pure, and uncontaminated by those microscopic particles which not unfrequently contain in them the germs of disease and death. This discovery of the connection between fogs and dust seems to us to be one of the most useful, as it is one of the most curious, scientific achievements of the century.

Grace.

Amongst the many ambiguities of English speech, probably there is none of a more perplexing kind than that which allows us but one word to express gracefulness, and the grace granted to the heart of man. In both senses, we suppose that grace was originally a religious word; but the religion of the old pagan world regarded gracefulness as the highest of divine gifts, while the deeper religion which supplanted paganism perceived that that which gives grace to human gestures and actions is often as far as the poles asunder from that which excludes the spirit of selfishness, and binds man to the higher world for which he is destined. Still, there is something strange in the strict limitation of grace in its lower sense,—in the sense of gracefulness,—to superficial beauties which at heart we are disposed to depreciate almost at the very moment when we most admire them. Take the meaning of the word as a quality of poetry. Do we really regard the word "graceful" as a term of praise when we apply it to verse? Here, for instance, is a first-rate judge, a most skilful and happy composer of our own day, giving us this line as the true interpretation of womanly grace.—"It was all that was graceful, intangible, light." Apply that to any poem worthy of any great poet at his best, and would he be content with such praise? Would he not feel that the limitation of the praise was far more emphatic than the praise itself? Do we mean by grace, when we attribute it to poetic work, anything beyond what pleases us by its airy, transient, almost impalpable harmony of effect; and not only so, but does not the word rather suggest to us what is essentially deficient in strength and durability,—something mutable, evanescent, and that wins rather by ease and happy modulation of tone or form, than by its intrinsic virtue? Yet grace, in the higher sense, in the theologic sense, is the security for all that is strongest and most durable,—is, indeed, that without which nothing can be strong or durable at all, being, as it is, the moulding power whereby man is really transfigured into the higher nature of the divine and the immutable. How is it that the same word in its different significations should represent both that which is most accidental and that which is most essential, that which is most mutable and that which is most constant, that which is most intangible and that which is most real?

We suppose the reason to be that in each case alike the quality which is represented by the word "grace" is known to be absolutely involuntary, and, indeed, beyond the reach of effort. No clumsy person, whether clumsy in mind or clumsy in body, ever yet *acquired* grace for himself, though he may, perhaps, have reduced his clumsiness to a minimum. And no graceless person, with all his striving, ever wrested divine grace for himself by any efforts of his own, though he may have received it, if he were humble enough in spirit, as the reward of humility and obedience. Thus the two kinds of grace resemble each other in being, when given, absolutely spontaneous, absolutely independent of painstaking efforts. Again, not only are both kinds of grace beyond the acquisition of effort, however painstaking, but both, in their very different spheres, produce the same effect of harmonising all the movements that are within their influence. Grace of body harmonises every gesture so as to be in keeping with the expression of the countenance. Grace of mind gives singleness of effect to a great variety of different expressions, where we might have expected dispersed and inconsis-

tent traits. Grace of spirit brings all the motives into subjection to one ruling and assimilating purpose. Here, for instance, in a volume of very graceful society-poems, is a playful picture of grace of mind, in which, perhaps, deeper touches implying the higher kind of grace are not entirely absent :—

THE CURE'S PROGRESS.*

Monsieur the Curé down the street
Comes with his kind old face,—
With his coat worn bare, and his straggling hair,
And his green umbrella-case.

You may see him pass by the little "*Grande Place*,"
And the tiny "*Hôtel-de-Ville*,"
He smiles as he goes, to the *fleuriste* Rose,
And the *pompier* Théophile.

He turns, as a rule, through the "*Marché*" cool,
Where the noisy fish-wives call ;
And his compliment pays to the "*belle Thérèse*,"
As she knits in her dusky stall.

There's a letter to drop at the blacksmith's shop,
And Toto, the locksmith's niece,
Has jubilant hopes, for the Curé gropes
In his tails for a *pain d'épice*.

There's a little dispute with a merchant of fruit
Who is said to be heterodox,
That will ended be with a "*Ma foi, oui !*"
And a pinch from the Curé's box.

There is also a word that no one heard
To the furrier's daughter Lou ;
And a pale cheek fed with a flickering red,
And a "*Bon Dieu garde M'sieu !*"

But a grander way for the *Sous-Préfet*,
And a bow for Ma'am'selle Anne ;
And a mock "off-hat" to the Notary's cat
And a nod to the Sacristan :—

For ever through life the Curé goes
With a smile on his kind old face—
With his coat worn bare, and his straggling hair,
And his green umbrella-case.

Here is a picture, as graceful as it is playful, of the mind which is kindly to its very depths, so kindly that all the actions it originates are in harmony with the wish to make others happy. In the same sense, we should say that there is no grace in any of our modern poets or writers so perfect as the grace of Goldsmith, whose conceptions, whether humorous or pathetic, seem to be permeated by an atmosphere of sympathy that subdues and mellows the whole, and gives it its well-marked effect of moral grace.

What we want, however, to insist on is the connection between the meaning of grace in its lowest sense of mere beauty or harmony of life and movement, with its meaning in that highest sense in which it implies a definite divine gift, a heart overruled by an influense higher than its own. Grace, in the former sense, usually implies something rather superficial in its character, something that is due to the harmonious proportion of the various powers, rather than to any nobility of spirit that moves in them. Grace, in the latter sense, always means that which tranfigures and harmonises man from a source that is above man, and, therefore, from a source that corresponds much more closely with the higher elements of man's nature than with the lower elements. And yet how closely the two kinds of grace are associated we shall see in a moment, if we take the highest specimens we can find of grace in literary style,—grace like that of Mr. Austin Dobson's delicate verses, with such grace as the grace of Bacon's noblest passages, or Ruskin's, or Newman's, or the grace of that kind of poetry which especially takes the mind by its spiritual harmonies. The lightness and ease of movement which always belongs to grace in the lowest sense, belongs also, though in a region where lightness and ease of movement would seem difficult if not impossible, to that which is the fruit of what we would venture to call divine grace. Take such a sentence, for instance, as this of Bacon's :—"Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament, adversity is the blessing of the New, which carrieth the greater benediction and the clearer revelation of God's favour. Yet even in the Old Testament, if you listen to David's harp, you shall hear as many hearselike airs as carols. And the pencil of the Holy Ghost has laboured more in describing the afflictions of Job than the felicities of Solomon." Here we have grace of style in a far higher sense than that which denotes mere lightness and ease of movement, or mere harmony between thought and word. It implies also a consent and concurrence of Bacon's own soul with the greater realities behind Nature,—a consent and concurrence which we are accustomed to attribute to the over-mastering power of divine grace. Or take Mr. Ruskin :—"Even among our own hills of Scotland and Cumberland, though often too barren to be perfectly beautiful, and always too low to be perfectly sublime, it is strange how

* *At the Sign of the Lyre.* By Austin Dobson.

many deep sources of delight are gathered into the compass of their glens and vales; and how, down to the most secret cluster of their far-away flowers, and the idlest leap of their straying streamlets, the whole heart of Nature seems thirsting to give, and still to give, shedding forth her everlasting beneficence with a profusion so patient, so passionate, that our utmost observance and thankfulness are but, at best, neglect of her nobleness, and apathy to her love." There, surely, you have a grace which endeavours to kindle our gratitude rather than to excite our admiration, and which yet excites our admiration also by its gracefulness, even while it effects its deeper purpose. Or, take again the celebrated passage in which Newman descants on the marvels of music and the wonder of their evolution out of elements apparently so crude and simple,—and insists that to analyse so much into so little is to explain *away* the mystery, not to explain it:—"There are seven notes in a scale; make them fourteen, yet what a slender outfit for so vast an enterprise! What science brings so much out of so little? Out of what poor elements does some great master in it create his new world! Shall we say that all this exuberant inventiveness is a mere ingenuity or trick of art, like some game or fashion of the day, without reality, without meaning? We may do so, and then perhaps we shall also assert the science of theology to be a matter of words; yet as there is a divinity in the theology of the Church which those who feel cannot communicate, so is there also in the wonderful creation of sublimity and beauty of which I am speaking. To many men the very names which the science employs are utterly incomprehensible. To speak of an idea or a subject seems to be fanciful or trifling; to speak of the views which it opens upon us to be childish extravagance; yet is it possible that that inexhaustible evolution and disposition of notes, so rich yet so simple, so intricate yet so regulated, so various yet so majestic, should be a mere sound which is gone and perishes? Can it be that these mysterious stirrings of heart, and keen emotions, and strange yearnings after we know not what, and awful impressions from we know not whence, should be wrought in us by what is unsubstantial, and comes and goes, and begins and ends in itself? It is not so; it cannot be. No; they have escaped from some higher sphere; they are the outpourings of eternal harmony in the medium of created sound; they are echoes from our home; they are the voice of angels, or the magnificat of saints, or the living laws of divine governance, or the divine attributes; something are they besides themselves which we cannot compass, which we cannot utter,—though mortal man, and he perhaps not otherwise distinguished above his fellows, has the gift of eliciting them." The grace of that passage surely is grace in a very different sense of the word from that in which we apply it to a graceful gesture or a graceful acknowledgment of thanks. It is a passage of which the harmonies seem to be as much translated from some higher sphere, as even the greatest choruses of Handel or Mendelssohn. The grace there is grace, surely, in the highest sense, though it includes grace in the lowest; the grace of the modulation is lost in the grace of the thought; the grace of the thought is absorbed in the grace of the feeling; and the grace of the feeling is a mere effluence of that higher influence which attuned the feeling to its own movements. Or, to pass from prose to poetry, who does not feel that such lines as these of Henry Vaughan's, though full of grace in the weaker sense of gracefulness, are still fuller of grace in that deeper sense which we ascribe to the Psalms of David and the letters of St. Paul:—

They are all gone into the world of light,
And I alone sit lingering here;
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast
Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
Or those faint beams in which this hill is drest
After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days;
My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmering and decays.

O holy hope and high humility,—
High as the Heavens above!
These are your walks, and you have showed them me
To kindle my cold love.

Surely we see there the link between that poorer grace which is merely gracefulness, and the grace which is a divine gift, and a divine gift, moreover, which so takes command of the mind as to weave all its thoughts and feelings into the context of some sweet and rich harmony. It is

no accident of language which connects so strangely the harmony of gesture or motion with a deeper and richer harmony of moral temper and attitude, such as cannot be secured at all for man except by the response of his whole nature to an influence shed upon it from above.

Applied Religion.

I.—PERSONAL WORSHIP.

Oneness with God.

In this and the following papers I propose to consider that factor in Applied Religion which is called worship, looking at it successively from the personal, social, national, and international points of view. I write as a plain, unsanctified man; conscious of ignorance, conscious, too, of shortcomings and wrongdoings. To begin with, some things must be taken for granted. I assume that my readers believe in the existence of a Being, who is all in all, and whom we reverently call God; and that each is conscious in himself of a supreme faculty, which, just as reverently, we term the Soul. Religion I take to be the conscious bond between the soul and God. Personal applied religion has a twofold function: first, to make the soul fully conscious of the bond between itself and God; secondly, to purify and tighten that bond, so that not only nearness to God, but also, eventually, oneness with God may be attained.

Some there are, however, who, though well endowed in body and mind, are yet strangely lacking in spiritual faculty. They are analogous to the man who would have perfect vision but for his inability to see the colours of green or red. Thanks to the brave honesty of Secularists, Agnostics, and Positivists, the spiritually-minded man knows more of the spiritually-lacking than was possible when honest doubt was looked upon as wicked; and, knowing them, he becomes conscious that they are often more really religious than the regular churchgoers. He sees that they are bits of God even as he is, and that, though they prefer to worship what they call Reason, or the Unknowable, or Humanity, they are none the less worshipping God. Moreover, he finds that their critical sincerity is invaluable, for it forces him to scrutinise his own ideals and make sure that they are as well based as he imagines them to be.

What, then, are the ways whereby a soul may become conscious of the bond between itself and God? The commonest and most natural way is by feeling the influence of a good father, or loving mother. The child, through sheer, helpless dependence, learns to trust utterly in the foresight and power and benevolence of the parent; and this being so, it is easy and natural to transfer the same feelings, only more securely and intensely, to the Divine Parent, when the intellect has been brought to apprehend His existence. But many infants lose their parents, and many children have evil parents, and yet—it may be by observation of goodness in friends and neighbours, it may be by love of nature—their souls do grow. And such experience, I think, is essential even for the children of the best parents. They find that goodness and power are not limited to their own father and mother; and they begin to feel a strange pleasure in sunlit clouds, and restless waves, and green hillsides. And, as their perceptions become more and more acute, they are impressed by the regularity of the universe, by its relentless justice, by its purity, by its wondrous, witching beauty. Gradually they feel that in all this there is the great and good God of whom their well-loved elders talk. And this is the essence of that all-important change in outlook, which our fathers spoke of as conversion. It is, indeed, a turning-point; for it marks the beginning of existence on the spiritual plane, an existence wherein lies the only immortality. There need be no internal cataclysm, no agonising conviction of sin. To most young people who have been religiously brought up, conversion simply means that what has always been the holy, yet unconscious, tenor of their lives, becomes, at last, an articulate and purposeful self-consecration to God.

But it is not enough to be convinced of God's existence. It is necessary for our spiritual development that we should always feel Him as a great light besieging and suffusing the darkness of our souls; that we should persistently cultivate a loving personal relation to Him. And this need has prompted many various modes of solace. First of all, there is worship of nature; or, as I would prefer to put it, the power of

seeing God in everything. No doubt this is most readily attained in quietness, and amid sublime or lovely scenery. And therein lies the main reason why city dwellers ought, as a matter of course, to have their yearly holiday by the sea, or in the fruitful fields, or among the lonely hills. They obtain thereby, not merely vigour of body and re-creation of mind, but, most especially, a fresh and enduring apprehension of the Being who is ever displaying Himself in the beauty, and righteousness and peace of what we call nature. And, gaining the power to see God in what is lovely and unusual, they are trained to see him in what is commonplace and ugly. They come back to their dreadful towns, but with opened eyes; and, as they go about, they see more and more beauty scattered in unexpected places, and they feel that the God of nature is never hidden; for at the worst, is there not something of the sky to be seen?—the divine sky, with all its matchless interplay of light and tint and form.

Then there is the practice of religious reading. Time set apart each day for the study of what bygone sages have to say on God and the soul is fruitfully employed; but such reading must be quiet and leisurely; there must be none of that racing against time, which, born of circulating libraries, has become the bane of modern literature. Moreover, a man should buy his own religious books and mark and annotate them freely, so that even on the printed page his thought may blend to oneness with the spirit of the author. And each man should follow his own liking, fearlessly, in his choice of spiritual reading. There should be no limitation to Hebrew or to Christian writings. Many a man can get more spiritual impulse out of pagans like Marcus Aurelius, or monists like Spinoza, or professed atheists like Shelley, than out of any recognised manual of devotion. Each man ought to experiment until he finds what helps him most; for, with books as with men, by their fruits ye shall know them.

Again, there is the habit of religious meditation, the habit of recalling the events of life and tracing out in them the wise and loving guidance of the divine Father. It is invaluable, not only as cultivating a proper gratitude, but as training the spiritual insight to detect, even in the haste and clamour of our actual living, those vital and eternal elements in harmony wi which a man must work if he is to do and his best.

But chief among all the acts of perso religion must rank the universal and immemor practice of prayer. Now the value of perso prayer lies in its directness, its avoidance of s forms. It ought to be the instant and natur reaction of the soul to every circumstance life. Is a man pleased by the rhythm an texture of a wind-swept field of barley? The let him glorify God who is that grace and beaut Is he saddened by the loss of someone ver dear? It is God's will, and He knows wh He is about. Is he puzzled by some sudde problem in his commerce with his fellows? God who is in them as in him, will show him th right balance to strike if he cries but inly f His guidance. And, not only are kneelin posture and audible words unnecessary, it certain that much and fervent prayer disdai the chains of even inward speech. There may b a resting in God, a feeling of oneness wit Him, a steady bliss, which no words can expres This being so, it is evident that personal praye need not be solicitous about material benefit Such things may or may not be necessary fo our soul's health. If they are necessary, we ma depend upon it that they will be given us; they are not necessary, we may depend upon that they will be refused. Personal praye ought rather to be a habit of looking at all thing in their spiritual aspect;* a getting behind mer fleeting appearances, a putting one's self into relation concordant with The Whole, a referenc of everything to God. And, from the point o view of mere utility, such prayer seems eminentl advisable. For nothing can better brace a ma for needful work, nothing can give him suc insight, and certainty, and skill, nothing ca make him more of a power for good amid h fellows. For if he is concordant with Th Whole, if he is a fellow-worker with God, h thereby secures infallibly the success and th permanence of his efforts.

Nor is this all. Such praying is an avenue t the keenest bliss available to man. For ecstas comes thus, a rapture wherein the soul ceases t

* See companion article on Clothing and Food in *Brotherhoo* for Oct., 1900. Price 1d. (9, Charterhouse Buildings, Londo E.C.).

be its petty, separate self, and feels, with a flash, its absolute oneness with all other souls and God. Appearances vanish; time and space are as naught. God is indeed all in all. Such bliss is rare—indeed, so feeble is our mortal frame that I question whether frequency of ecstasy would not madden men or kill. Nor can one attain to it at pleasure. Suddenly, and without apparent cause, it seizes on the soul; it may be in the grapple of the daily toil, it may be in the aspiration of our public worship. But most often does it visit in the loneliness and stillness; and this is why the great religious teachers have always said to men, "Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place and rest awhile." Yet no amount of quietness and questing can bring that beatific vision if the conscience be not free from sense of wrong-doing, if there be not an underlying assurance that we have been bravely and consistently doing our very best in the humdrum round of daily life. Pains must be taken to prepare for bliss, but the prize is more than worth the pains. It is the pearl of great price, for which a man may wisely barter all that he hath. Nothing else can really matter if he has this. He can smile at pleasures and happinesses; he can laugh at so-called misfortunes and bereavements. His joy is full and perfect and eternal.

But is not this the higher selfishness? Is it not a more refined way of stating the old craven wish to dodge one's own mean soul into heaven, no matter who may burn in hell? I do not think it is. For, if the quest be for mere enjoyment, that quest will never bring the soul to the beatific vision of God. It is only by a reckless casting-away of pleasure, whim, and happiness that bliss can be achieved. Further, the quest after blessedness enables a man to do more than ever before for the aiding of his fellowmen. They are struggling for the means of living. He is glad to give up to them all but his mere sustenance; for, the less he is busied in procuring material things, the more is he freed for solace of the soul. The destitute and sinful are perishing for lack of sympathetic ministrations. Who is more available for service than the man all unengrossed in hoarding for himself? Men in general are groping, though they know it not, for purer joys and truer life. How can they gain their better ideal but by contact with a man who has unsealed eyes to catch the gleam, and strength of soul to live the life? No! the quest for the beatific vision can never be easy, can never be selfish. Suffering and privation, ridicule and neglect, ingratitude and hate, these are the wilds through which the soul must rove. But God has trod them all before us: God is always bearing all. And we, who know that we are part of Him, surely we can do no less. For we learn, by love, to know God; we gain, by suffering, nearness to God; we attain, by giving, absolute and gladsome giving, to oneness with God.

W. Winslow Hall.

Religious Instruction in Elementary Schools.

A REPLY BY A PRACTICAL TEACHER.

The paper on "Religious Instruction in Elementary Schools," published in last month's *Seed Sower*, is thoughtfully conceived, but the suggestions suffer from the weakness which must inevitably be present when one not thoroughly acquainted with the circumstances of elementary school life attempts to deal with the question. The difficulties in the way of carrying out the scheme are many, and in some cases insuperable.

I know of few ways which would serve better to disgust children with religion than to devote a whole morning's session to the subject. Some fundamental principles of child education are:—(*a*) That variety is essential; (*b*) that continuous interest in any subject cannot be maintained beyond a certain very limited period of application; (*c*) that successive subjects in any school session should call into operation different faculties and different interests. Such are the principles upon which a good time table is based. The suggestion as to the time to be devoted to religious instruction breaks these essential principles; no teacher could maintain the interest of children in religious study for even half a school session.

The proposal to divide the school accommodation among the various churches is open

to very grave objection. If the suggestion were carried out, it would result in perpetuating sectarianism, and would engender exceeding bitterness of feeling among the children. The writer of the paper will probably know that many children trained sectarianally are little bigots, and that no childish vituperation can exceed that which is at times applied by a child of one sect to a child of another. Moreover, any attempt to enquire into the religious beliefs of the parents in order that the children might be drafted off to their respective sects, would be a species of inquisition into which few head teachers would care to enter.

Further, the drafting off of school teachers to other schools than those in which they are ordinarily employed, would involve much disorganisation, and would tend to produce bitterness of spirit. Voluntary the work might be styled at first, but it would soon become compulsory, and then farewell to the religious liberty of the teacher. And, supposing a teacher of a certain denomination leaves the services of the educational authority, the vacancy would have to be filled by a teacher professing the same creed. Hence, in connection with appointments a deplorable system of religious inquisition would have to be used. Still further, the educational authority would have to see that the number of school teachers of each sect was proportionate to the number of children of each sect, or else make up the deficiency in any particular case by putting in men and women who had had no training in the best methods of education and instruction.

Finally, what would become of the teachers and children who abstained from taking part in the religious instruction? The teachers would be condemned in the eyes of many of the children attending the sectarian classes, and bigoted parents would regard them as unfit to have charge of their children for secular subjects. As for the "secular" children they would soon become objects of scorn to the "religious" children.

Envy not the appearance of happiness in any man, for thou knowest not his secret griefs.

Rough Notes of Bible Class Lessons for Senior Scholars.

VII.—"Jesus, the Founder of Liberal Religion."

We have already asked—what is Religion? To-day we ask—what is Liberal Religion? There are religions which are enslaving to the mind and burdensome to the heart. Liberal Religion is religion free from fetters and encumbrances. Imperfect religions do still bless men; religion in chains still does a noble work. How much more and grander work will it do when enfranchised?

Liberal Religion on the negative side is religion freed from—

1. Enslaving thoughts of God.
2. The tyranny of ceremonies, and ritual, and creeds.

Liberal Religion on the positive side is—

1. Progressive and expansive.
2. It is spiritual in nature and universal in scope.

Jesus is the real founder of this way of treating religion.

Notice the age-long conflict, not only in Judaism, but in all great religions between the Priest and the Prophet. The Priest stands for cultus, ceremony, form, that which is established, a prescribed rule, an outward observance. The Prophet stands for Reform, for Conduct, for the Spirit, for Righteousness.—*See* "Coleridge on the Prophets."

The close of the prophetic era in Judaism. Religion had come entirely into the hands of the priests. Marked by exclusiveness, scrupulosity, literalism, inhumanity.

Into this state of society, Jesus was born, a Prophet, a Reformer.

Two questions—What was Jesus? And what did he teach? What was he? *i.e.*, what were his mental and spiritual characteristics?

(*a*) An intense God-consciousness.

(*b*) Unique consciousness of humanity.

(*c*) He was an Idealist.

(*d*) A fascinating Religious Personality.

What did he specially teach that liberalised Religion?

1. The de-localisation of the worship of God.
2. The law of inwardness.
3. That the only pathway to God is to be in right relation to man.
4. The universality of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man.
5. An ideal of human society on earth, which he called the "Kingdom of God."
6. The supremacy of Love.
7. That we die to live.

For Better or for Worse.

Remember, Lord, Thou hast not made me good,
Or if Thou didst, it was so long ago
I have forgotten—and never understood,
I humbly think. At best it was a crude,
A rough-hewn goodness, that did need this woe,
This sin, these harms of all kinds fierce and rude,
To shape it out, making it live and grow.
—*The Diary of an Old Soul.*

It would be well if we could determine once for all, to take ourselves for better or for worse. There are not a few unrestful spirits, who, if they honestly catechized their hearts for the reason why they have never yet found peace, would discover it in the fact that they have not yet quiet forgiven the Divine Providence for not having made them other than they are. Their circumstances, though poor and bare, give them no uneasiness; but when they survey their inward inheritance, and try to understand with some exactness what their outfit for life amounts to, they are aggrieved; as some younger son of a noble house may be who has had meted out to him a very meagre patrimony. Possibly, there is more wealth packed away in their heart and brain than they will readily believe; and much treasure may be hidden in the little field which has fallen to their share, though apparently it yields nothing but thistles; but in their present temper they are ill-fitted to appraise their possessions. Nature, which has shaped them into what they are, has been, they think "so sparing of her fire, and so liberal of her earth;" so niggardly in imparting what they covet most, and so generous in giving what they do not value.

We meet with here a man of lively wit and vivacious mind who desires nothing so much as to be a second Chrysostom, but whom Nature has made to be slow of speech; and there a woman of masculine instincts, and with the courage of an Amazon, who has fretted all her life by the impeding woman's-robes which twine about her feet, to limit the exercise of powers which she is conscious of possessing. Many secretly long for society; but they will never be anything more than mere "proselytes of the gate," so long as the world stands; and they know it; they are too shy to advance any further; or too blunt and repellant; or are such blunderers in the finer arts of life, that lover and friend are put far from them. Others—and among them are to be found some of the gentlest spirits—belong to that great multitude who are self excluded from the camp of pleasurable life by reason of some grievous physical disability. This would be as sad to all compassionate beholders as it is to themselves, were it not for the thought that nothing is ever quite so bad as it appears.

We should be thankful for the measure of truth which there is in the saying that "Nature never spares her opium or nepenthe; but, wherever she mars her creature with some deformity or defect, lays her poppies plentifully on the bruise, and the sufferer goes joyfully through life, ignorant of the ruin, and incapable of seeing it, though all the world point their finger at it every day." Sometimes, however, the poppies fall off; and the sufferer awakes to find that the bruise is laid bare; or some undiscerning and ruthless soul by a random word, or a clumsy act, unintentionally hits the wound; and then, not all the waters of Lethe could avail to assuage the pain of the wounded spirit which cries inwardly to heaven—"why hast Thou made me thus?" It is rebellious, no doubt, and wicked for them to set their tongues talking against the heavens thus; but we need not tell them so; they will find it out for themselves; and while they can well spare our preaching, they mutely beg for our love. And we cannot show it to them better than by delicately leading them to discover new resource of delight within themselves, unknown, or but dimly known by them before; for the discovery of those compensations, which even such a lot as theirs includes, may lead them at last to be reconciled to themselves; and to make peace with themselves may be the first step in their reconciliation to God.

Perhaps we are more indebted to our defects

than to what we sometimes regard as our perfections. It may be no less true in morals than it is in morphology that, no beautiful growth or lovely form is possible unless it is shaped under the law of constraint and limitation. Our limitations, either mental or physical, may be only what the shell of an egg is to the nascent creature which is within it:—the wall of hard, resisting circumstance, against which the formless growing creature-pulp beats vainly; and then recoils upon itself in many a beautiful convolutiou of ordered structure, issuing at last in the clear far-seeing eye, and in wings predestined to float in the summer air like a summer cloud. And so, a glory may grow out of the very defects which are the cause of our grief.

> Only the prism's obstruction shews aright
> The secret of a sunbeam; breaks its light
> Into the jewelled bow from blankest white.

God does not need either our work or the gifts which He has bestowed upon us; but He does need our virtue; and perhaps the world which can quite easily dispense with any offerings which the ungifted would be proud to lay at its feet, if they possessed them, would be much poorer without the resignation, and the patience, and the peace which only its martyrs can exhibit. Too often, these martyrs do not know how priceless are the lowly gifts which they offer; but inwardly grieve that they cannot contribute to the world's wealth some gift of genius,—which is cheap in comparison; or of eloquence,—which is often a mere trick of the tongue. Nor do they sufficiently consider that, in our present state, there is nothing which the happy and the well-endowed need so much as the chastening influence which silently streams from the bruised and broken, when they meekly accept their lot, and find in it some treasure sent down from heaven in compensation for having missed that which they had hoped to find on earth. It is well for them to be unconscious of the ministry which they exercise, for in that unconsciousness lies half its charm; it is sufficient for us to know it who need its redemptive power to wean us from our vain conversation; and who cannot look upon a serene face, though seamed and white with pain, or on tired eyelids which droop on eyes grown weary in watching for the dawn, without regarding the spectacle as a heavenly vision to which we dare not be disobedient.

But although our martyred brethren may h and ought to be, sweetly unconscious of th own ministry, it would greatly help them to reconciled to their lot, and to themselves, if, dark hours, and in fits of rebellious though they could but be well assured that they are n useless. We do not grieve so much at havin to bear pain or inward sorrow, as we do at th thought of its uselessness. It is this that tak the heart out of us; and it is in these moods tha those whose lives are a kind of sacrifice need t be assured that they are sharing in the trava through which the kingdom of God shall come and that they are filling up that which is lackin of the afflictions of Christ. G. L.

The Dreamer's Stronghold.

"Nous ne vivons pas, nais nous espérons de vivre."—*Pascal.*

"We do not live—but ah! we hope to live"
So croon to me the boughs of barren trees.
"If our unchanging fate were sealed by these
Fast-fettered buds, if God did only give
Such unsunned semblance of majestic life,
We should not strain to bear our load of snow,
But gladly droop and bid the North wind's knife
Rend us at will, and cast us crushed and low."

They do not live—but sweet, their dream of birth;
Of how some husk, at touch of passing bird,
Will one day drop, and Spring's first breath be stirred
To reach the ear of Winter-weary earth,
That she may learn the hour is drawing nigh,
When mists of green shall shape to leaves at noon,
And chestnut fans unfurl beneath the sky,
And April show that May will follow soon.

I do not live . . . but yet, since fancies creep
Across my brain, as oft by day as night—
Yea, fairer thoughts and charged with more delight
And surer spells than those chance brings with sleep—
A magic Castle have I reared on high;
Though men should say its cloud-capped tower seems
Aërial, 'tis wrought enduringly,
And there I'll watch till Time brings true my dreams.

E. A. J. H.

Paley's simile of the watch is no longe applicable to such a world as this. It mus be replaced by the simile of the flower The universe is not a machine, but a organism, with an indwelling principle o life. It was not made, but it has grown.— *John Fiske.*

Man's Work and Place.

(From "Meditations and Devotions" by Cardinal Newman.)

God created me to do something or be something for which no one else is created: I have a place in God's counsels, in God's world, which no one else has. Whether I be rich or poor, despised or esteemed by men, God knows me and calls me by my name.

God has created me to do Him some definite service; He has committed some work to me which He has not committed to another. I have my mission. Somehow I am necessary for His purposes, as necessary in my place as an Archangel in his—if, indeed, I fail, He can raise another, as He could make the stones children of Abraham. Yet I have a part in this great work; I am a link in a chain, a bond of connection between persons. He has not created me for nought. I shall do good, I shall do His work; I shall be an angel of peace, a preacher of truth in my own place, while not intending it, if I do but keep His commandments, and serve Him in my calling.

Therefore I will trust Him. Whatever, wherever I am, I can never be thrown away. If I am in sickness, my sickness may serve Him; in perplexity, my perplexity may serve Him; if I am in sorrow, my sorrow may serve Him. These things may be necessary causes for some great end which is quite beyond me. He knows what He is about.

O Adonai, I am born to be Thy instrument. I ask not to see—I ask not to know—I ask simply to be used.

We cannot kindle when we will
The fire that in the heart resides;
The spirit bloweth and is still,
In mystery our soul abides;
But tasks in hours of insight will'd
Can be through hours of gloom fulfilled.

M. ARNOLD.

A Modern Heretic.*

The interest of this book lies in the fact that it is a real human document. It is the story of a religious pilgrimage from Scotch Calvinism down into the darkness of something like Atheism, and out again the other side into a larger, broader, sweeter faith. There are many who will read it with eagerness, just because it is the story of their own experience. In its essential features it relates the spiritual development not only of its hero, Allen Lorne, but of many brave, troubled souls, both ministers and laymen. The value of this book is not in its plot, which is of the scantiest, nor in its power of philosophical thinking, nor in its grace of expression. It puts nto a narrative and concrete form the work whieh has been going on in a thousand parsonages and in ten thousand homes during the last 50 years. It is a picture of the soul's progress from unquestioning faith in the stern and inhuman dogmas of the Westminster Confession, to doubt, distress, and despair; and on again from that to the dawn of a new day when religion is re-conceived in terms of ethics and adoring love. The writer, who is evidently relating his own spiritual history, finds the root beliefs of his childhood torn up as he faces the conclusions of modern science and criticism. The six days' creation, the fall of man, total depravity, election, the infallibility of the Bible, and many another ancient dogma disappears before advancing knowledge. How he finds his way out of the wilderness of scepticism into the hope and trusts of a purer creed the reader must discover from the book itself. We commend Allen Lorne to our Free Churches all the more heartily because its author is one of our own ministers.

* *The Autobiography of Allen Lorne. Minister of Religion*, by Alexander Macdougall. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 6s.

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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

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THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.

The Mother's Pride.

Not poor, oh no, not poor!
Though I work for my hard-earned bread,
Though my cottage has little within its walls
But a table, a chair, and a bed.
Its hard to get clothes to wear
Or more than a crust to eat!
But I am rich—I am rich, not poor,
For I have you, I have you, my sweet,

I know all day as I trudge
Over many a weary mile,
I shall see your bonny little face
Watching gaily at the stile.
Oh, a kiss of the rosy cheek!
Oh! a touch of those dimpled hands!
And I'm richer than many a lady gay
With money, and house, and lands!

Little Birdie.

What does little birdie say
In her nest at peep of day?
"Let me fly," says little birdie,
"Mother, let me fly away."

Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger.
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says, like little birdie,
"Let me rise and fly away."

Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger;
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby, too, shall fly away.

From a Catechism for a Child.

Q. What is Religion?
A. Religion is to know and obey God.
Q. What is Christianity?
A. It is Jesus Christ's way of knowing and obeying God.
Q. Can you put it in another way?
A. Christianity is Christ's way of doing and being good.
Q. Does any one know of a better way? or a way that has brought about a better life among men?
A. No one has yet found out a better way or lived a better life.

Good-Night and Good-Morning.

A fair little girl sat under a tree,
Sewing as long as her eyes could see,
Then smoothed her work, and folded it right,
And said, "Dear work, good-night! good-night!"

Such a number of rooks came over her head,
Crying "Caw! caw!" on their way to bed;
She said as she watched their curious flight,
"Little black things, good-night! good-night!"

The horses neighed, and the oxen lowed;
The sheep's "Bleat! bleat!" came over the road;
All seeming to say, with a quiet delight,
"Good little girl, good-night! good-night!"

She did not say to the sun "Good-night!"
Though she saw him there, like a ball of light,
For she knew he had God's time to keep
All over the world, and never could sleep.

The tall pink fox-glove bowed his head,
The violets curtsied and went to bed;
And good little Lucy tied up her hair,
And said, on her knees, her favourite prayer.

And while on her pillow she softly lay,
She knew nothing more till again it was day,
And all things said to the beautiful sun,
"Good-morning, good-morning! our work is begun.

If I can stop one heart from breaking,
I shall not live in vain;
If I can ease one life the aching,
Or cool one pain,
Or help one fainting robin
Unto his nest again,
I shall not live in vain.

If one could pluck a fixed star from its place, its light would stream down on us still for ages. And if a good man die, he will live on in the power of beautiful character, even after his name has slipped the memory of men. For the grave only takes the body, the soul, one's character, walks the earth for ever.

Whatsoever . . . it be that disorders, annoys, grieves you, makes life look dark and your heart dumbly ache, or wets your eyes with bitter tears, look at it steadily, look at it deeply, look at it in the thought of God and his purpose of good, and already the pain and annoy of it will begin to brighten.—*Samuel Longfellow.*